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Bard

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Let it be an iron lad
you listen to a clay-made daughter
clinging to the natural

what is that
a harmless leaf
even a seed is full of thunder

think you a seed thinks you
to think there is no punctuation
only a stone inside something

keeps coming up in this Taghkanic soil
a fall of arms a meek of serpentude
and there's a new boss in the feckless windows

dark dark the alphabets
you cannot swing to sing
the symmetry of ignorance

largest of all your designs
it all means naught and in the same way
stockyard feet and tender avenues

wake your mother it is the dawn

demon with a checkered flag
flapped wildly to mock all staying still

till a new Downcomer nailed on the cross
speaks a word you dare to hear
and you are the lord he claims abandoned Him

but you are the fool kneeling at His feet
and both are true as long as you are you,
your acts of worship prove you miss the point

singing somewhere else secure and fierce
bright as wet fur on the dusty mind
God a rat runs through you and you don't know

you worry about the sheep and kill the sky.
It's dumb when it makes sense,
you either smile or walk away no sense in that

you'll never be able to fractal your way out
the spindrift cosines spatter up your knees
like a girl running through the April rain

you never saw you always wanted to
– Welsh willing and wombacious –
laconic lucencies a-flood your mind

speaking in the hex to Waterloo
like a battlefield the famous ravens
reside exclusively among the dead

the weather will not wear its crown
the Isis mother steps across the sea
every morning to me not just roses

asses and fire escapes and girders my God
my God he cried there is a city
where it happens all the time

long as a breath short as a photograph
nothing watches are you waiting
roll over till it hurts but it makes sense

sense is not what you're after am I
every story optioned to the bank
o tell again the terrace of Lausanne

o mark the bidden weeping in the croft
a thing once made won't unlet itself
so your self slips out for supper

shopping is the answer to consumption
look long and buy short and lick the glass
and sing until they lock you up

Somebody likes everything the rule of life

there is nothing that does not speak
great Anarch shredding copyright

blue book blows open on the tabletop
and a swan just flies out of it and gone
leaving a blank sign that loves you too.

5 May 2008

PIECES DE CLAVECIN

It was or there was or it is
something too like a beginning
to leave untouched.
Rameau, for example
but not sure example of what—
Angel at the keyboard
for instance as an instance
of time succumbing to knuckles—
we too are thugs of the spirit,
hoist old parties from their sepultures
and make them sing. No age
before this one heard so much
what someone hummed before.

At that point the music began,
chords broken over the jolly strings
all in the middle of the soundboard,
nothing shrill, nothing down there
with the dead men, no angels either,
this is Resurrection Tuesday, mother,
meet everybody in the doorway,
all of Paris will be there. I mean right here,
you can be unhappy anywhere—
o genius of our human genus
to run on discontent and envy

the way cows run on grass,

but even pain is intermittent
'chronic' they say meaning
belonging to time or time belongs
to it, over and over, tomorrow
but seldom now, for example,
example of what for instance,
instance of what, just a figure
of speech but no one's speaking

a woman at a keyboard's all I see
pale at the organ portative
in some Netherlandish painting
maybe, what we call a pretty
person with her fingers on your spine

for instance and the colors of it were
prism and autumn leaves and daffodil
imagine a pale yellow e minor chord
shimmering into sixteenth notes
across a green piano – you saw this?
I saw nothing, I heard the color

in my hands, in skin, in flesh—
where else could color live?

6 May 2008

SENT TO PATRICIA NO FOR HER MAGAZINE

COUNSEL IN EXTENSION

1.

Always have someone else paint your face, never do it yourself.
When someone else does it, you get to see who you also are.

2.

Never wear blue jeans. They are the mineral world trying to leach out your animal soul. They are the 666 inverted, the mark of the global economy beast wrapped round your sacred parts.

3.

Streetlights on lampposts are sacred to you. You dance around them, you climb to the sky on them. They are prime transgressors, hence sacred. They violate the darkness that is their sole apparent reason for being.

4.

Keep out of direct sunlight except when en/chanting.

5.

Never step on a book or put any writing on the floor.

6.

Always wear a mask of some kind, however lean.

7.

Every faintly concave thing is a chalice. Every faintly convex thing is a knife. A hill. A mill.

6 May 2008

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Let moon talk

or tell the other pronouns
you've been listening.

Dark commerce, skin road.
a waterbird ascends.

Paltry miracles abound.
What they used to call grace.

Her heart attack.
His head mere ache.

6 May 2008

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A day warm enough to be itself.
The milk in the cat's bowl
is famous. The cat is forgotten.

Perils of art. What
color was the cat? Bataille.
Godard. Do we even see.

The fetish always out of reach.
The fetish is reach. Weary
disgusted face of a man

who's gotten what he wants.

7 May 2008

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You're not my kind of my kind
so it's OK if we know
each other the way the wind
knows a sheet of newspaper
or a bus ticket to Fort Wayne

and leaves it where it needs to be
according to the secret order of the world.
You be the wind. Then later
you be the leaf. Cold spring,
sun with its heart in its mouth.

What did the newspaper say anyway?
You be the news, the new war,
the broken reputation, I'll be the reader,
I let the paper fall. You be the wind
again and blow me away
trembling like a leaf. It's OK
if we know and let go and never take hold.

The sacred asymptotic (approaching,
never touching) relationship
is shaped like the wings of the Holy Ghost.
We fly now away, being holy but with whom?

7 May 2008

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*(for **Fire Exit** somewhere, an epigraph)*

To depart
from the work of art
into the daylight
of the actual—
impossible.

The day
is only night's
last dream.

We stumble
through our paces,

inheritors
of one more
delicate nightmare.

7 May 2008

BUDDHA'S WHEEL

You see it
in the center of your eye
you see it in every rock
or ground he stood on
he stood on every one.

A wheel is a remembering.
It is only an accident

or it is a transgression that we
who can barely stand
still on a rock
dare to use wheels

wheels to go.
A wheel means to stay.
A wheel is always at the center of itself.

He leaves it there beneath
quiet stretched along the quiet ground
it holds the sky up.

Travel anywhere is losing the point.
Going is the opposite of being.
Not in Tibetan where *'gro-ba* means a living creature, 'one who goes.'
But in rock. In grass. In dirt. In glass.

I look in the mirror and see his eyes.
The white is the whole white world around a quiet wheel.
A wheel sees.
He stands there also looking at you.

7 May 2008

BAD WHEEL

When a wheel rolls on its rim
spined to its hub
and goes and goes

it is a bad wheel.
Axles and frames around it,
carpat, 'a war chariot,'
carpenter, one who makes or fixes chariots.

A wheel goes to war.
But the wheel I love stands still.
It stands there looking at you.

7 May 2008

RUNNING AROUND

Good day for running around. A day.
A round. A good. A run. But
for is hard to understand. For.
A for. To be a for. To be for
someone as to vote for whom . A vote.
To be for as a servant is to whom.
To be for as a wife has a problem.
Good day for running around a problem.
Cattle and swine. Things to be with
respect to one another. Milk me.
I am for. You too are for. You
three are for. For is forever
as might be. It might be.
But what is for? What is for?

A cow perhaps, a headache
for a head, a tryst. What is for for?
Ethical Dative they said in school
to be for or with respect to a person
or a thing. To be to its advantage.
Dative of Advantage. To be
for its sake. What is for, what is sake.
How advantage this day? Running
around a good day for running around.
But what is around. Is it close to away.
Good day for running away. A way
is around too but too far. Around
is too close, away is too far, what to do.
Away is leaving here for there. Away
is the furthest place. Circumnavigating
the globe come home. Pointless voyage.
Drake. Magellan. Go so far and then.
Then it's too far and home again.
Then it's a day again, that is the problem,
what is a day? A day is a constraint,
a constant, a punctuation already
of an unwritten text. Sad. Any day
is good for running all the way.
A day is a wolf that runs at your side.

8 May 2008

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All the saccharine remembrances
pretty clothes on a corpse. It is over.

Anything that finished never began.
Consolation. Accusation. A hound

on your traces already. Toothless
animal to nuzzle your thigh.

Memory is slobber. Wash your hands
somehow. Dry them on the purring clock.

8 May 2008

A WINDOW IN HUDSON

If a river, then a street.
Then a hill, then a hospital.
Then some green along the sky.
Slung there like a gondola
from a barrage balloon—
yes, we are at war again
though I was born when
there was almost peace.
Painful color of reality,
the truth always in bad taste.

8 May 2008

A GOOD DAY

Good day to stay
home seven times.
I have to go out
one or more times
to be home even once

as I go out can I
carry staying
home with me
like a little mouse
I carry in my pocket

always there furry
with remembering

because staying home
knows where everything is

and outside in the wind
every reed points the same way
because they're always home
so they know where elsewhere is

and there I'd be trapped
in the meshes of that other place

I need that little animal
who knows where things really are.

9 May 2008

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To be in me smaller
even than it could be
an interior hummingbird
feeding fast inside my chest

anything, anything
to be alone and alive,
anything that is always here,
I have lived long enough
to find you finally here.

9 May 2008

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To hear sounds
from inside the body
and think they're coming
from the outside—

then the world
would really be the world
and you really in it.
Night is just her blue-black dress.

9 May 2008